

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION



James Anderson R. 9 August

THANKSGIVING NUMBER
1916



Shut Your Eyes and Choose.

"Zare!" exclaims the eminent French chef, as he proudly exhibits his splendid Cherry Jell-O dessert, "can anybody beat zat?"
 "Well, perhaps not 'beat it,'" the lovely young housewife says, demurely, "but what do you say to this one of mine?"
 What is there to say? Fact is, any woman, whether she can cook at all or not, can make of

JELL-O

as fine desserts as are made by the greatest chefs and cooks, for she doesn't cook it, but only adds boiling water.

For the Thanksgiving dinner the most exquisite dainties and the most delicious and substantial desserts are made of Jell-O in a great variety of forms and in beautiful colors.

There are seven different pure fruit flavors of Jell-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate. Each, in a package by itself, 10c. at any grocer's or general store.

The first in an edition of ten million beautiful new Jell-O books will come from the presses this month. If you will send us your name and address we will see that you get one of the books promptly.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY, Le Roy, N. Y.
 A waxed paper bag, proof against moisture and air, encloses the Jell-O in the package and preserves the flavor in full strength.



This is the package.

SAXON "SIX"



No other car of similar price can give Saxon "Six" service

So if you choose another in the price class of Saxon "Six" you must make up your mind to do without the advantages of Saxon "Six."

You'll have to content yourself with less smoothness, less quietness, less flexibility, less acceleration, and pay more in higher upkeep cost.

But will you be content? We think not.

If for practicality the same price you can have all that your neighbor enjoys who owns a Saxon

"Six," why should you put up with the shortcomings of some other car?

Why take "second best" when you can just as easily have the best?

And it is clearly evident by now that Saxon "Six" is the best car in its price class.

No fine phrases can dispute the cold facts of Saxon "Sixes" abler performance.

It will win you in a single road trial. Saxon "Six" is \$815 f.o.b. Detroit.

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT
 THE SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION DOES NOT ANNOUNCE YEARLY MODELS

Christmas Morning *By Claire Briggs*

I GOT A NUMBER TEN KING.
 I GOT A NUMBER TWENTY SEVEN KING AIR RIFLE - WHAT DID YOU GET?
 I GOT A PAIR OF PANTS.

DO not laugh, gentle reader. You are witnessing the keenest tragedy of boyhood. The young man who has just picked the trousers off the Christmas tree, had reasonably hoped for a King Air Rifle instead. Now behold him filled with disappointment and mortification as his claims "present arms" — the laudsome Kings they wished for and got.

500 SHOT REPEATER, No. 22 King is a big favorite. Lever action. Automatic loading. Nickeled barrel. Walnut stock. Light, strong, accurate. At your dealers or direct from factory, prepaid for **\$1.25**

SEND FOR THE BRIGGS BOOK
 —full of coupons for free King's present. Keeps containing news of the air rifle and how to make and handle the King's rifle with pictures. Found by shipping to Days, & The MARKHAM AIR RIFLE CO. 175 Broadway, New York.

KING AIR RIFLES

No regular Dad would play a shabby trick like this on his boy! No. To the hardware store he'll go, and let Sonny pick out just the King to fit his size. The prices are \$7 to \$25 to \$30.

Heavy Service Traction Tire \$1.25 a pair. All white or red rubber. Water-tight fabric, 2 ply.

Ordnance Treadless \$1.25 a pair. One with red top, tread-proof, all weather.

United States Club Tire is a pure white cord fabric, 2 ply.

About That Christmas Bicycle

The pleasure of biking depends on tires. When you talk about your Christmas bicycle, make up your mind about the tires that you are going to have on it.

UNITED STATES BICYCLE TIRES

Five Popular Brands

are the tires to specify if you want to avoid trouble and get real pleasure out of your bicycle. So when you talk about the Christmas bicycle, talk about United States tires too.

All good dealers sell them. Most manufacturers equip with them. All tires bearing our name are GUARANTEED.

United States Tire Company
 1730 Broadway, New York

Catalogue free on request. Sold by dealers everywhere.

United States Club Tire \$1.25 a pair. White with black top. Water-tight fabric, 2 ply.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE

IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR - FIVE CENTS A COPY



HE GLANCED UP, STARTLED, IN THE DOORWAY STOOD THE TRAMP—NO, IT WAS ONLY A BOY, HOMELESS BUT WITH TEARS IN HIS WISTFUL EYES.

THE TRAMP'S THANKSGIVING DINNER

By William Thomas Whitlock

CREEPING up to the cornals of the 2 Bar looked that morning, Bill Taggart bored and sleepy and stayed in a general cowl on a hot August day. His baby was sick. Working the floor all night after twelve hours in the stable will seldom even a wry cowman. His wife had been down at Tucson to visit her parents, and since her return the child had been ill. He was the only baby on the ranch, and all of the boys felt more than an ordinary interest in him.

"What d'ye reckon's the matter with the little fellow?" asked Curley, solicitously.

"His throat's all swollen up, and he can't swallow good," said Taggart, hesitatingly, adding out a snuffing for the day's resort.

"Wouldn't surprise me none if it was diphthery," said Curley.

"Huh! Ye, ye, loosed dead!" Big Ben growled. "See what ye doose to Bill?"

Taggart's face had turned white in spite of twenty years of Arizona sun and wind, and he let the snuffing do his rope and snaffle with the touch of milking saddle horses. Doyle, the foreman, called out just then to know whether the lass there were going to be all day chatching up.

"I want to get off this morning," said Taggart. "I got to go for a doctor."

Doyle came striding down to the corral. After looking at Taggart's face he said gruffly,

"Ye go back to the house and help your wife take care of that sick baby. Curley can ride over to Dugout for Doctor Mayberry. The loss and I will take your places to-day. He showed me recently at me."

Bill Taggart is only the foreman of the 2 Bar, whereas I am the sole owner thereof; but there never has been any question who really runs the ranch. Rayberry had managed the place six years for my uncle before I came into possession, and, as he certainly makes it produce a profit, we let it go at that. Presently I walked up to the house and got into a pale of stinging bees and a dunnell shirt. A little later we went galloping across the plain in the fresh fall air.

Doyle was preoccupied and silent all the morning. He even forgot to run after he had pulled a toughness over out of a bag hole, and while we were resting at noon he absent-mindedly stepped on a natter that had crawled

out to enliven the sun. The excitement of killing the snake roared Rowley somewhat, and as we started for home he told me something: a person he thought a great deal of—in fact, his betrothed, Miss Elmer Curtis of Terre Haute—was coming to visit him at the 2 Bar. She would arrive about Thanksgiving time.

"—fast—that—er—rather inconveniently!" I remarked.

"No, it isn't!" said Rowley indignantly. "She's bringing her aunt for chaperon, and there is Mrs. Taggart to look after them at the ranch. And it's her word that insists on coming. You see, she raised Elmer and her kid brother. The boy ran away from home about a year ago. The last trace they got of him he was headed west from El Paso. Elmer says they can see now that they kept Harry led too close to their apron strings; even taught him to cook. His aunt is determined to come out and search for him in person."

After a pause Rayberry said, "I thought we might give Elmer and her Aunt Mary a Thanksgiving dinner at the ranch. We shouldn't have to lay anything extra except the turkeys and a few other things. Ah Sing is a fine cook."

I knew that it was needless to protest if Doyle had made up his mind to entertain his friends with a Thanksgiving dinner. Moreover, I rather liked the idea myself. I was looking for something to break the monotony of ranch life.

When we rode up to the corral that evening, Curley and Doctor Mayberry had just arrived. Curley had had to wait some time at Dugout until the doctor returned from another call. Without stopping to unsaddle, we went down to Taggart's house and laid the verdict on the sick baby.

Taggart and his wife held their breath while the doctor examined the child. Bill was about forty years old when he married an old-maid school-teacher, and what both of them knew about babies could be written on a castor-pot.

We boys crowded into the room and hung round, looking anxious and sympathetic. We all found the words, but none of us were prepared for the agitated explosion that came from old Doctor Mayberry.

"Think of calling me on a case like this!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't you send to Chicago for a specialist?"

"What's wrong with the baby?" I asked feebly. "Is it as serious as all that?"

"Serious! Anyone but a lot of cow-queeners would have known what ailed the child at first sight. He's got the snuff!"

We were all so much roared over by being nothing worse than we lasted out laughing—much to the indignation of Taggart and his wife, who thought that snuff was no laughing matter.

The next morning Rayberry and the Chinese cook prepared a list of the things that we should need for the Thanksgiving dinner, and I wrote a check. We sent the list to a commission house in Phoenix.

Several nights later Curley began to grumble about the food.

"What's the matter with these pickles, Ah Sing?" he complained. "They're poisoned. Ain't you got sense enough to taste your grub before you feed it on no boys?"

Ah Sing protested in many broken phrases that there was nothing wrong with the pickles.

"Better let Doyle sample 'em," Big Ben suggested. "A man in love ought to be a good judge of pickles."

Rayberry tasted the pickles and pronounced them excellent. Then we all had a taste, and agreed with Doyle. We asked Curley to try another.

"You?" he cried, holding his jaws. "I tell you they're poisoned. I can feel it enter right into my tongue." His gut up from the table and stalked angrily away.

The next morning Curley was the last man to arrive at breakfast. As he passed behind the mirror to plaster down the tuck of a hooded cap on his forehead, he gave a whoop of dismay.

"Didn't I tell you them pickles was poisoned? Look what they doze to my face?"

We looked; and we laughed; and we could not help it. The sight of those puffed-out jaws

beneath the thin nose, high cheek bones and narrow forehead caused even the solemn Ah Sing to cackle liberally.

"You've got the snuff!" roared Doyle. "Can't you see from Taggart's baby?"

Curley collapsed into a chair and glared at each of us in turn. Every change of expression on his face provoked us to fresh outbursts of mirth. Doyle fairly shouted with laughter.

"Huh!" said Curley. "If I got 'em, you'll catch 'em, too—and ye' sweet-as-corned next week."

Rayberry tried to keep on laughing, but his laughter had a hollow sound. After a minute his face grew sober. "I think I had 'em when I was a boy," he said.

"That's two kin's, the black and the white message. You druno what you had," said

"Ah—you're thinking of the measles?" said Curley nastily.

Rayberry snatched the turmpo. So for that matter did all the rest of us on the home ranch—that is, all except Taggart. Big Ben looked as if he were trying to conceal an apple in each cheek.

"Shorey," another of the pair, sneezed a Berkshire pig. My jaws puffed out like my bellows. None of us could endure the horrors of the snuff, and we set about snuffing and yawning like a bunch of big-jawed boobies. Not a man of the 'chuck-wagon' gang or the herdsmen would come within three miles of the ranch house.

It was strange that Bill Taggart escaped, for he could not remember that he had ever had the snuff. His wife shut herself up in the house and declared that no one except her husband should gaze upon her affliction.

If such a thing were possible, Rowley looked worse than any of us. He is a handsome man of the big, stalwart type; has fair hair, brown, dark eyes, a straight nose, a silky, black mustache and a square-cut chin. Now, however, his nose resembled a full moon; his eyes were sunk out of sight; a starchy beard covered his protruding jaws, for he could not bear the



old china and old furniture. Everything was stable. The rug was faded, the veneer was off the bureau in several places, and the wallpaper wall was cracked from ceiling to floor. But the little room had a certain dignity that made Mrs. Bearing's choice from it the thought of the contents of the lowest drawer.

At a moment when she looked into the room, then she closed the door with a determined push. When Aunt Sylvia had been bundled up and the father was tucked her into the warm bed, Mrs. Bearing hurried back to the "spare room." With a sweeping movement she tumbled such and every one of the noisier things from a lowest drawer into a chest, and with letters with its pecuniary contents she left behind.

"Why, mother," Jack said, smiling a trifle in her eyes, "you look mighty happy?"

"Mrs. Bearing's face sobered a little, but she smiled again almost immediately. "A dinner will send hang the wreaths, and then I'm going to show you what I have in the box."

"You're almost making me like the taste of Christmas, mother," said Jack, who had arranged a bunch of holly in a copper bowl.

"So that was what Christmas meant to Phillips!"

"Mother, let me eat dinner with Aunt Sylvia," said Christine, as she tripped down the stairs with sparkling eyes. "She's the dearest, sweetest little body, and I'm going to have a great little dinner with her. I'll slip into the room with her gay hair."

"Then, then, Christine!" Mrs. Bearing interrupted. "I want you here with us, and I want Phillips to have dinner with Aunt Sylvia. And her to tell you all about the things I used to do on the farm, Phillips, and get her to tell you about the gingerbread."

Phillips demurred. She did not want Aunt Sylvia well. Whatever could she talk about to an old person?

"Oh, go ahead, Phil! Mother asked you to tell her about the things that I did, didn't she?"

"Well, Phillips?" Mrs. Bearing asked, as her elder daughter descended the stairs to the living room, where all the family were gathered about dinner.

Phillips walked across the room and flung the squabbles on the table in silence.

"Have you noticed her hands, mother?" said Jack, who "they're just like ivory," where they aren't rough from work, and her face is like a piece of beautiful china. Do you think it would not be too much to get her a pink pearl?"

"You'll have a nice selection to buy anything you want with Aunt Sylvia at the high, high!" Jack, on the step ladder, laughed and dropped a wreath upon Christine's head.

"Oh, don't do it, Jack!" Christine protested. "Let's hurry and see what mother has in the box."

"At last the wreaths were hung; holly and mistletoe hung to the doorways and swung from picture; and the fire glowed out upon the assembled family.

"Christmas again," Mr. Bearing said half to himself; "Christmas with the huckle and the huckle and --"

from the box. Jack's remark grew fiercer as the collection on the floor increased; Mr. Bearing gazed at his wife in puzzled silence.

"Why, that's the same Tom Walton gave me for a wedding present!" Mr. Bearing exclaimed, seizing the vase.

"That's what you got bearing, slow," represent the thoughtfulness and love that she gave toward Aunt Sylvia's Christmas for ten years -- perhaps longer."

"What a lovely thing!" Mrs. Bearing exclaimed, smiling the vase.

Breakfast was a brisk affair with the Warrells three days for breakfast, but it was always eager in the morning. He seemed like an emerald with full steam on, snorting and puffing in the station and waiting to be off down the track.

But absorbed as he was in his own affairs, he could not fail to notice on the morning after the picnic the white face Della Seaton. It had that curious pallor that a dull face alone can have, and with the deep rings beneath the eyes and the patches down the mouth it would have caught the attention of even a more absorbed person.

That Robert. He chanced to have a moment alone with her, and with an impulse of courtesy he spoke out his sympathy.

"Things going wrong with you, Della?" he asked in sympathy.

Unable to speak, she nodded.

"All because of an old toothache?"

"Something you can't possibly help -- an old, dead tooth hanging on you and smothering you."

"Then why in heaven's name," demanded Robert, "don't you get away from here? Dalrymple is giving you nothing; that old nose of staying mind and living a thing down when a whole community is determined that you shall go into town. Della?" he asked in sympathy.

"Of course I do, down to the ground and up to the skies. But you must go where you'll never have to ask that question of anyone?"

"But there are obstacles -- Cousin Jenny --"

"Overcome the obstacles. That's what they're for. Good-by, Della."

"The girl writhed until he had said good-by to her, and then she looked up at Mrs. Warrall. Her eyes were hot and strained, her mouth was quivering.

"Now, at least," you must let me begin to do what I like. Give me just one permission to look everywhere!"

She stopped, blushing scarlet. Perhaps Mrs. Warrall would not have said anything into everything in the house. "I can't do that," said Mrs. Warrall firmly. "It reflects on your dignity and on mine, unless he is a good whom I trust first to clear lines of such a suspicion -- particularly when the suspicion does not exist. You mustn't ask it of me, Della. Why, the girl would be ashamed to ask it of me!"

"Taken separately, they aren't so bad," Phillips said, but her humming ebbs showed what her real thought was.

"They are dreadful!" Christine protested and thrust out of the gray and red slippers into the fire.

"What a jolly fire they'll make!" Jack said, throwing the second slipper into the fire, where the two burned merrily together.

"That will do," Mrs. Bearing said, laying a hand on Christine's arm. "To-morrow they are going straight back. I wouldn't have Aunt Sylvia know for anything that we had been ending these things. I should hate to have her pity us."

"She'll never think back into the box," Christine said.

"What a person has no right to stay where she'll be crushed, I can see that," Della agreed.

"To live on here thinking that I owed it to her," Della said.

Warrall's neck and broke into passionate tears. Mrs. Warrall had no objection to "a good cry" for an overworked girl, but this was not "a good cry." It was a tempest of grief and shame. Rose and Annie Dea, hearing it, ran into the room, but at a look from their mother staid away again. But before the morning was over, the four of them had found the calmness that was necessary for a frank discussion of Della's situation. They were all in favor of a change for her.

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"But we aren't going to let you, daddy!" Christine exclaimed. "There's a pink silk kimono to buy -- money; and a pearl -- Phillips's money, and perhaps some of yours; and -- and -- a blouse of blue -- over --"

"Yes," Jack said, "I'm going to make it a bunch of velvet, because they're a habit, and another bunch for love," and he hid his hand over his mother's.

"And I," Phillips said deviously, "shall give her a few when she's well, and introduce her to all my friends, because she's over --"

Christine thoughtless that ever live!"

THE MEAN LITTLE TOWN IN Ten Chapters. Chapter Eight

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IT WAS THE SECOND FOR ACTION

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A-THANKSGIVING-DAY-SET-APART-TO-INVIGORATE-AND-ENRICH-A-WHOLE-YEAR-OF-THANKSGIVING

FACT AND COMMENT.

WHEN affliction shapes, even as it smites, it is a good blacksmith.

The Pup that runs to everybody's call Will travel south, but won't arrive at all.

BEAVER ambition is rare; yet ambition is rarer; ambition that is at once new and outrageous is rarest of all.

THE Mohave Desert may never become a pleasure resort, but it is losing its terrors for travelers. The United States government is spending \$10,000 to mark the highway, to set up signs to the water holes and to protect the meagre water supply against pollution.

THE Yankee does not lose his gift for putting a truth pitifully. A prosperous New England farmer, replying to a comment on the amount of money he was spending to put his cows through milking, said, "Yes, I lose some a lot of money, but I'd rather have my money in my toy than to him."

NOT so long ago, "The Companion" printed a brief article on palladium—sentences that read the same whether read backward or forward. A subscriber writes to remind us that of the same nature of palladium is that in which Adam is supposed to have introduced himself to Eve: "Madam, I'm Adam."

THE wholesome, old-fashioned sentiment of "Silver Threads Among the Gold" has inspired many students of history. Few seem to have seen more widely during the past generation. The author, Eben Eugene Hooper, who died in Wisconsin last month at the age of sixty-eight, wrote two volumes, and several books on flowers and gardens, but that one single story is likely to be his best moment.

OF the many changes in Germany caused by the great war the most striking is the change in the financial system and habits of life. Many of our most important industries have clung to cash transactions and has used little paper money. Even the system of bank checks here is less than ten years old. Since money, bank notes and gold have been taken out of general use, and, recently, for the first time, the government has authorized the banks to issue certified checks.

AGAIN the Dutch Parliament has taken up the problem of draining the Zuider Zee and forming a *poolder* of 400,000 acres—more than twice the area of all the arable land that Holland has west from the sea in a context that began centuries ago. The plan calls for a dam from North Holland to the Friese coast, twenty-four miles long, and the delta of Woringer will serve for about five miles. The estimated cost of the work is \$44,250,000. A few years ago a similar plan was under consideration, but the cost seemed too high.

THE wire drag that the Coast and Geodetic Survey is now using along both the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts evicts many dangerous places that formerly escaped attention until a disaster made them known. For example, an Alaska channel that is used by many deep-sea fishing boats is so shallow that the salience causes an ample depth, according to the charts in use, but the wire drag revealed a pitfall such that it might have been a low tide, although the soundings round it show a depth of nearly three hundred feet.

THOSE who read the recent article in *The Companion* on daylight saving will be interested in these words from the *London Spectator* written in farewell to "the national clocking known as daylight saving. It has not merely been a case of much economy, it has brought the delightful long summer evenings into the spring. The act was only a temporary expedient. We do not desire now our agreement with the prevailing opinion of the act should be made permanent. The act, it is true, only does for us by a sort of official make-believe what we could have done for ourselves by reforming our habits. But man is a conservative and hesitating animal. The act has done for us in what we should see have done for ourselves. Let us retract it."

LOS ANGELES has three municipal playgrounds that are unique. One of them is made of concrete, and more than thirty thousand or millions of years ago. It has yielded the bones of mastodons with tusks four feet long, and those of hundreds of substantial types of various kinds of prehistoric monsters. Another playground has a garden that contains 250 varieties of wild flowers. The third, 3017 acres of mountain

land, has a "zoo" where deer, buffalo, bears and other animals live in surroundings similar to those which they knew before they were captured. * *

SHORT HARVESTS OF 1916.

USUALLY, the grain harvest of a given year in the United States is primarily important for its effect on the financial condition of the nation. A large harvest brings prosperity to that great extent where the crops are raised. Since the West has more products of its own to sell, it can buy more Eastern products. Such a harvest also increases the export trade of the country because, after the needs of home consumers have been met, there is plenty of grain to spare for nations that do not raise enough to feed themselves. An abundant harvest also gives business to the railways that carry the grain from the farms and bring back other things that farmers buy. For exactly similar reasons, a short harvest is usually reckoned as meaning decreased prosperity to the country.

The American grain harvest of 1916 has run very far short of hopes and expectations. Exactly what the effect will be on the country itself depends on some considerations peculiar to the present period; but there is no doubt that the shortage will have some striking results in foreign countries that buy our wheat—mostly in the belligerent states of Europe. As estimated by the Bureau of Agriculture, crop of 1916 will be 607,000,000 bushels, which is 40,000,000,000 less than last year's "fallofbushel" crop, 285,000,000 less than our crop of 1914, and is but the smallest crop in a dozen years. All other grain crops are about equally short. The wheat harvest of 1916, the wheat, the world's great foodstuff, surpasses all others in importance.

A great war always causes unusual over-supplies of wheat. Countries that raise wheat more on the other side of the ocean from countries that import it—just as wheat-importing England and wheat-exporting Hungary are enemies in this way. Moreover, great agricultural countries, even when friendly to a given belligerent, may be cut off by a blockade. The crop of the Dominion of Galicia has thus far of Russia, which raises something like one fifth of the world's whole wheat crop. Then, too, there is always the possibility that hostile warships or submarines will capture or sink wheat-laden vessels.

When war broke out in 1914, the fear of a "wheat famine" in Europe was acute. Not only were Russia and the Danube states no longer a source from which England and France could obtain wheat, but in nearly all the rest of Europe, and in some great grain-raising states, such as Argentina, the harvest was the smallest in years past.

But there was no famine in 1914, because, in the face of the shortage elsewhere, the United States raised 125,000,000 bushels of wheat more than it had ever before raised in our history. The harvest of 1915, our year, our harvest increased 130,000,000 bushels over 1914; therefore the whole world's crop of wheat was actually larger than in the three or four last years of peace.

The crop of the present season, however, has been unshaky, not only in the United States but elsewhere in the world. Although our own wheat harvest is 40,000,000 bushels less than it was last year, it is believed that the decrease in other producing countries amounts to 90,000,000 bushels more. English estimates of the probable yield throughout the world make the total much smaller even than that of 1914, and reduce it to a figure not matched since the very disappointing grain year of 1911. And even in 1911, Russia, now, but largely before the war, raised more than 250,000,000 bushels of wheat.

All this may mean to Europe has been indicated by some very unusual actions of the British government. That government has taken charge of the whole wheat-importing part of the world. It has bought wheat hereabouts up in advance a great part of the crops of Canada and Argentina, and to control nearly all the wheat left over from last season's harvest in Australia. That means that English demand is determined to prevent a shortage of food in England during the next six or eight months. It may mean that the government will control wheat prices. Nevertheless, the price of wheat in American markets has already gone to a figure that had not previously

been reached in forty years, except in one month of 1915 and one of 1914. Corn has risen to the highest price that it has brought in twenty-four years, and flour is selling at a figure unknown since Civil War times.

Does this mean actual famine? Probably not; for, although the wheat left over from the enormous crop of 1915, especially in this country, was very great, and such high prices as now prevail are sure to reveal supplies in places where no one had suspected their existence. But the season is nevertheless likely to be one of very dear food; of striking efforts to regulate its use in Europe, and of high cost of living generally. * *

THE LITTLE JOYS.

"WE are so rich, you and I, in our power of getting joy out of the little things that most people miss!"

The woman who wrote that was not at all away in some quiet backwater of life, bravely trying to find joy in everyday drudgery; she was a woman of action with a whole alphabet of things to do; she was not poor; she had wealth and claim as well as unusual talents; she had lived as few people have the opportunity to live, and knew life as few people ever know it, and she counted her wealth, not by her home or her money, but by the number of people who were glad to find joy in little things of life.

Readers of Lowell's *Letters* will remember more a similar assertion.

"Good heaven, of what wondrous material is our earthly happiness composed, if only we have the heart to use it! How many have had from a fever, and how unshaking are the dividends of the seasons!"

Knowledge is difficult for us to acquire. "I must live—live!" we cry, and by living we mean having excitement and varied experience. But it is not so simple as that. There are things sooner or later become bored and cynical, restless and unmanageable. It has no power of joy in itself. Left to its own resources it makes the terrifying discovery that it has no resources upon which to depend.

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INTERNAL POLITICS OF GERMANY.

WHEN the war is over, we shall have a great many interesting things that the owners of the various governments see worth it best to conceal from us. Not the least interesting will be the story of the political situation as seen from the German point of view. The contest has not been between a war party and a peace party; it is the French and the English, the Germans are convinced of the justice of their cause and determined to fight the war out to a conclusion. But there are two opinions about the German Empire. The contest has not been between a war party and a peace party; it is the French and the English, the Germans are convinced of the justice of their cause and determined to fight the war out to a conclusion. But there are two opinions about the German Empire. The contest has not been between a war party and a peace party; it is the French and the English, the Germans are convinced of the justice of their cause and determined to fight the war out to a conclusion. But there are two opinions about the German Empire.

The Social Democrats, think of Russia as the real enemy of Germany, and would be willing to withdraw his troops from France and Belgium and even come to an understanding with England, if it could erect a permanent barrier against Russia and gain for Germany the control of the Baltic. That is, they believe that the destiny of Germany lies toward the East, that the war must be won there if it is to be won at all, and wishes to avoid a serious warfare that would, as he believes, make more enemies for Germany, and render more impractical the national wish which he hopes after the war to live in unity.

Behind Tirpitz are the Prussian squarings and the National Liberals—the party of the industrial magnates of the Rhine Valley. These men remember Bismarck's policy of friendship with Russia and suspicion of Oriental entanglements. They are not aware to German ambitions in Turkey, but they are not satisfied with them alone. They want to control the valuable coal and iron lands of Belgium and northeastern France; they are not satisfied with the supremacy of Great Britain in England, which is for them the enemy of Europe. They hold that Germany should make its chief military efforts in the west, and they advocate a submarine warfare without trace or mercy.

The issue has arisen because the Germans no longer believe that a complete victory is possible, and feel that they must choose which one they shall surrender. If, however, we hear, suggests Bethmann-Hollweg, the Crown Prince and Falkenhayn are in sympathy with the other party. The Kaiser has hesitated between the two; but he stands today with his Chancellor. Tirpitz and Falkenhayn have been disappointed.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the Jesuits and the National Liberals are accepted defeat. They are still trying to get control of the Reichstag by bringing the Catholic party over to their support, to convince the Reichstag to vote against the Kaiser, and to turn the Chancellor out of his office. They do not at present seem likely to succeed, but the war has brought many surprising changes, political as well as military. The course of events may yet shift the balance of power in Germany. If we ever read that Bethmann-Hollweg has had to step down and that Tirpitz or Falkenhayn or some other of their party is in his place, we shall know what it means. * *

THE STRUGGLE IN ROUMANIA.

THE course of events in Roumania offers another example of the military maneuvering which followed the outbreak of the war, success and bad judgment that seem fast to attend Allied efforts in the Balkans. Roumanians would hardly have entered the war after two years of cautious waiting; if its leaders had not supposed that the Central Powers were too strong for them. They were wrong. Their serious campaign on the Danube or in the Carpathians; and if they reassured them, it must have been because the agents of the Entente had convinced them of the truth of that view.

If they had realized how promptly and vigorously the Mackenzie-Bozdary troops might have moved, they would not have sent the greater part of their forces to invade Transylvania. If they had realized that Germany and Austria still had a sufficient strategic reserve to equip such an army as Falkenhayn's, they would have conducted that invasion with greater caution. As it is, the German generals have outnumbered the Roumanians on both fronts. The Mackenzie, the most brilliant soldier that the Central Powers possess, has added to his reputation as a successful commander of troops in the Dobruja and by selling the only railway crossing of the Danube below Belgrade. Falkenhayn has driven the Roumanians back across the Carpathians. The Allies at Salonika, still strong enough in numbers and armaments to attack the Balkans, are held in check by an uneasy and insecure Greece in their rear, have done little or nothing to relieve the strain. Roumania alone is so situated as to support Roumania, and that support has so far proved insufficient.

As a result of this the Germans will raise Greece against again in the East; and if the German leaders are not men enough to follow them up properly, they will put the Central European alliance in command of a

country that abounds in wheat and petroleum—two essentials of modern warfare. But it is at least doubtful whether a German seizure of the necessary iron exists. If it does not, Roumania, although hampered by its unexpected defeat, cannot be overrun as Serbia was.

CURRENT EVENTS

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—The election of November 13 was the closest since the Illinois-Cleveland election of 1884. On Thursday morning the result was still in doubt, and depended on final returns from California, Minnesota, New Hampshire and North Dakota. Mr. Hughes carried the principal Eastern and Central States, except Ohio, but Mr. Wilson was unexpectedly strong west of the Mississippi. The House of Representatives is very evenly divided; no woman, Miss Rankin of Montana, appeared to have been elected to Congress. The Democrats retain the Senate by about ten votes. They lost two seats in Indiana and one each in New York, New Jersey and West Virginia, but gained seats in Utah, Rhode Island, Delaware and perhaps Wyoming, Michigan, Nebraska, Montana and South Dakota voted for prohibition. South Dakota voted for woman suffrage.

LABOR TROUBLES.—On November 16 the New York police arrested six men, five of whom were members of the employees of the elevated or subway lines in that city, on the charge of being implicated in the attempt to blow up the subway station at Lenox Avenue and 143rd Street. Four of the men are officers of Local 73 of the carmen's union. — On November 30th the steamer *Corvina*, carrying two hundred and fifty members of the organization known as the Industrial Workers of the World, left Seattle for Everett, Washington. As a result of disorders that accompanied a recent strike in Everett, the sheriff of Buchanan County, supported by a committee of citizens, had expelled all the members of the I. W. W. from that city. This expedition, according to its leaders, was organized to "re-establish the right of free speech in Everett." When the boat arrived at Everett, Sheriff McCrene and an armed posse met it, and forced the party to land. The men on the boat opened fire, and the posse on the dock promptly replied. Two men were killed and twenty wounded on the shore and five were killed and twenty wounded on the steamer. The officials of the state were ordered out, and a number of the leaders of the I. W. W. were put under arrest.

THE MARINA AFFAIR.—Pending a careful investigation, the United States government took no action on the sinking of the steamships *Mariane* and *Rosenzweig* by German submarines. Secretary Lansing, however, declared that this government understood that the German ships do not sink merchant ships without proper provocation. The safety of persons on board applied to merchantmen "armed for defense" as well as to unarmored vessels.

MEXICO.—According to reports from the interior of Mexico, Villista troops have taken Santa Rosalia, Tlalma and Jimeno, all in the State of Chihuahua. It was also reported that the bandits had killed an American physician named Foster, who lived at Santa Rosalia, besides several other foreigners who were found in the town. Mr. Arredondo, Carranza's representative at Washington, declared that a force of nine thousand men had been ordered near Jimeno to meet the bandits, but there was no news of any activity on its part.

CUBA.—Latter returns from the presidential election indicated that President Menocal was re-elected, although the Liberals, who had been elected the previous time, had elected Doctor Zayas, yet not willing to admit Menocal's success.

POLAND.—On November 23rd the German and Austrian military authorities in Warsaw and Lublin proclaimed the recognition of the Kingdom of Poland. The proclamation did not declare what arrangements were to be made for the establishment of a legislative assembly, but the option prevailed that one of the German Emperor's sons would be named. The manifesto promised a constitutional form of government and a national army,—which the Allied monarchs expect will be added to the forces of the Central Powers,—but it did not precisely outline the frontiers of the new nation, though it could only say that these frontiers of Russian Poland now under occupation by the Germans or Austrians, neither Prussia nor Austria will return to the possession of Poland that they took when the ancient Kingdom was divided, though Austria has promised to give Galicia wider powers of self-government not unlike those enjoyed by Hungary.

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

(From November 21 to November 23.)

The Austro-German offensive, which only two weeks before threatened to squeeze Roumania out of the war, came to something like a standstill. We heard no more of Mackensen's clearing the Dobruja of enemy troops, and on November 21st word came from Bucharest that the Russo-Roumanians had turned on their pursuers, and by determined attacks on their left wing, along the river Danube, had obliged them to give ground. General Bucharest, who has been one of the commanders of the Russian armies in Galicia, has been chosen to face Mackensen, and is already in command in the Dobruja.

In the Carpathians the advance of the Austro-German troops was everywhere checked until toward the end of the week, when, according to admissions from Bucharest and Petrograd,

German and Austrian reinforcements reached Pahlenkaya's front and drove the Roumanians back, south of the Prudeni and Rod Tower passes.

It begins to seem very doubtful whether the Germans can assemble enough men to eliminate Roumania from the war, as they hoped to do.

The Italians have been

gun another vigorous offensive on the Carno plateau, and during the week they advanced nearly a mile in the direction of Trieste, and took about ten thousand Austrian prisoners. General Cadorna is now within fifteen miles of Trieste, but his offensive positions of great strength in front of him. It is probable that the success he gained during the week was partly owing to the weakening of the Austrian lines in order to send more men into the Roumanian Campaign. At the end of the week the Austrians made counter-attacks, but without marked success.

There was constant fighting here and there along the line in Galicia and Volhynia, but that campaign is now secondary to the struggle in Roumania.

The French now look still more ground at Verdun. They had virtually surrounded the fort of Vaux, and on November 17th the Germans evacuated it. General Nivelle continued to push ahead, and on November 23rd took the village of Vaux and the town of the line east of the Meuse is now where it was on February 24th, three days after the Crown Prince's great offensive began.

Since the French took the village of Sully-Salentin and advanced their line near Chauchaux. The British captured part of Warlencourt Hill. The Germans, in determined counter-attacks, took part of the ground lost to the British. The Allied attacks persist along this front, although British, in view of the small gains that have been won, believe that the offensive has exhausted itself. Winter weather, cold and wet, has begun, and increases the difficulty of all operations.

A body of Greek revolutionaries, working southward from Saloniki, drove thearrison out of Katerini, which is on the shore of the Gulf of Saloniki and about fifty miles north of Lefevros, the important military base. The revolutionaries has ordered the regular troops to prevent the advance of the revolutionists at all costs. They will find it difficult to do so unless the Allied authorities, who control the railways in northern Greece, cooperate with them.

The German retreat of East Africa is now almost wholly according to the British forces under General Smuts. A German submarine under Col. von Lettow-Vorbeck is still unaccounted for, but it has been driven down into the southern coast of the colony, and is not strong enough to offer prolonged resistance.

An official report issued from Berlin declared that a British ship flying the United States flag had been sunk by the submarine U-51 on September 29th. That case, if it can be substantiated, will be used, together with the *Bavarian case*, to support the German contention that armed merchantmen must in all cases be treated as auxiliary warships.

Ten or a dozen ships were sunk by German submarines during the week. One of the ships was Norwegian. The British government notified the Mexican government that German submarines were said to be in the Gulf of Mexico, and warning the United States to be given to the underwater craft. The submarines, if they are really in the Gulf, are probably trying to destroy the British oil ships coming from Tangier.

A British submarine reported that it had torpedoed two German bathships off the French coast, but did not report whether the ships were sunk. A German or Austrian submarine torpedoed the passenger liner *Arctica* in the Mediterranean without warning, according to a report from London. The passenger, 357 in number, and all except two of the crew were saved.

Our State Department, it is said, has suggested to France that the title of the "American Aviation Corps" of the French army be changed, since the name is not compatible with American neutrality.



Judge Tires Best by the Intention and Ability of the Maker

Sight and touch are not final when you are judging tires. You cannot buy them as you do clothes. A casing that will give way in a day's journey may look better than one that will run 10,000 miles. A tire is good only as the manufacturer means to make it good and has the resources to do it. So the intention and ability of the maker form the best basis for judging tires. And the intention and ability of the maker are proved best by the combined judgment of tire users—for public favor finally is bestowed in exact proportion to value received. So when you know that one out of every three new cars comes from the factory on Goodyear Tires—and that no other brand has so great a demand as this—you have the most important fact that can help you in selecting tires for your car.

Goodyear intention to make the best tires has been expressed in a continuous revolution of tire design and manufacturing methods. The Goodyear tire-making machines, the Goodyear fabric mill, the All-Weather Tread, the No-Hook Bead with its braided piano wire base, the On-Air Cure and other features—all are part of this continuous revolution. Each feature has corrected a recognized tire weakness and some of the most important features are exclusively Goodyear, kept so by patents or by high manufacturing costs which other makers refuse to pay.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tires and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio



FOR INSIGHT Charles Poole Cleaves

TOH, as I throw the words of the Lord... I had confusion, heat and strife...

A SIX-MILE SERMON

HE recently started school convention... "I'm afraid," replied the man, "I have not much to report of my religious life..."

READY MADE

HERE was a girl in the lodge—a beautiful woman in years. The girl said she was a virgin... "I don't know," he replied, "I have not answered you; it is up to you..."

"I'm sorry to try explaining anything to Aunt Helen," she said. "The man who was the heart of the Coquer Cocor walked directly there..."

"YOU 'FRAID FOR SCARE?"

I building bridges the workmen have to go into every place to see how the work is getting on... "I'm afraid," he said, "I have not much to report..."

putting; his eyes were on the man who were getting the hat thrown to the section and proceeding to start the engine...

The helper started for the aid, and the foreman looked on with a look of surprise... "You better stop for grain at the barn..."

CURING THE LEPPER

AMONG these islands, says the author of "The Cure," R. K. Robinson's "Key to the South Sea Islands," are some that are very large...

HERE was a girl in the lodge—a beautiful woman in years. The girl said she was a virgin... "I don't know," he replied, "I have not answered you..."

SHE WANTED HER ROMANCE AUTHENTIC

HERE she met a handsome young man with a white beard and a long white hair... "I'm afraid," he said, "I have not much to report..."

"I want to know," she demanded as the eye-glass came down... "I'm afraid," he said, "I have not much to report..."

wing, and the hills where the Bad Kambert men had been everything... "I'm afraid," he said, "I have not much to report..."

TO BE EXACT

"Don't you know better than to put on a coat?" asked the man... "I'm afraid," he said, "I have not much to report..."

THE BATTLE IN THE FOG

ALL the great naval battles of history, nearly all, have been fought in the fog... "I'm afraid," he said, "I have not much to report..."

"I saw the flashlight—my old flashlight—flash up the hill," he said... "I'm afraid," he said, "I have not much to report..."

NO SENTIMENT FOR JACK

"EVERY one is inclined with sentiment," said the writer... "I'm afraid," he said, "I have not much to report..."

A WORD TO THE WISE

A LAYWER from San Francisco tells of a man who was a very wise man... "I'm afraid," he said, "I have not much to report..."

THE MAN'S EXCEPTION

"THEIR ink-stained hands are not all the busy fingers," said Uncle Sam Pink... "I'm afraid," he said, "I have not much to report..."

to remark about my having such a growth of hair in my ears, and said that in his experience he had never seen a man who had so much hair on his ears...

"I'm afraid," he said, "I have not much to report..."

A BLUNT OLD NOBLEMAN

THE BLUNT old nobleman, William Chubb, was a very noble man... "I'm afraid," he said, "I have not much to report..."

An acknowledged free thinker, he had often been called a free thinker... "I'm afraid," he said, "I have not much to report..."

"I'm afraid," he said, "I have not much to report..."

"I'm afraid," he said, "I have not much to report..."

"I'm afraid," he said, "I have not much to report..."

PROFITABLE GLEANING

ACCORDING to the Kansas City Globe, the wheat farmers of Kansas are too prosperous to invest themselves in the low interest bonds...

"I'm afraid," he said, "I have not much to report..."

"I'm afraid," he said, "I have not much to report..."

"I'm afraid," he said, "I have not much to report..."

"I'm afraid," he said, "I have not much to report..."

"I'm afraid," he said, "I have not much to report..."

"I'm afraid," he said, "I have not much to report..."

"I'm afraid," he said, "I have not much to report..."

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number. 1. 1000. 2. 1000. 3. 1000. 4. 1000. 5. 1000. 6. 1000. 7. 1000. 8. 1000. 9. 1000. 10. 1000. 11. 1000. 12. 1000. 13. 1000. 14. 1000. 15. 1000. 16. 1000. 17. 1000. 18. 1000. 19. 1000. 20. 1000. 21. 1000. 22. 1000. 23. 1000. 24. 1000. 25. 1000. 26. 1000. 27. 1000. 28. 1000. 29. 1000. 30. 1000. 31. 1000. 32. 1000. 33. 1000. 34. 1000. 35. 1000. 36. 1000. 37. 1000. 38. 1000. 39. 1000. 40. 1000. 41. 1000. 42. 1000. 43. 1000. 44. 1000. 45. 1000. 46. 1000. 47. 1000. 48. 1000. 49. 1000. 50. 1000. 51. 1000. 52. 1000. 53. 1000. 54. 1000. 55. 1000. 56. 1000. 57. 1000. 58. 1000. 59. 1000. 60. 1000. 61. 1000. 62. 1000. 63. 1000. 64. 1000. 65. 1000. 66. 1000. 67. 1000. 68. 1000. 69. 1000. 70. 1000. 71. 1000. 72. 1000. 73. 1000. 74. 1000. 75. 1000. 76. 1000. 77. 1000. 78. 1000. 79. 1000. 80. 1000. 81. 1000. 82. 1000. 83. 1000. 84. 1000. 85. 1000. 86. 1000. 87. 1000. 88. 1000. 89. 1000. 90. 1000. 91. 1000. 92. 1000. 93. 1000. 94. 1000. 95. 1000. 96. 1000. 97. 1000. 98. 1000. 99. 1000. 100. 1000.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



"WE PLOPPED CORN AND TOASTED APPLES AND TOLD STORIES IN FRONT OF THE GREAT FIREPLACE."

A Thanksgiving of Long Ago.

By MARION HALLOWELL.

"DID they have Thanksgiving Day when you were a little girl?" And was it like the Thanksgiving Day that we have now?" asked Natalie of Grandma Bronson one day in late November.

"Oh, Thanksgiving Day is a lot older than I am!" said Grandma Bronson, laughing. "They had it a hundred years before I was born—yes, even more than two hundred years before I was born. The Pilgrims began the custom when they set apart a day of thanksgiving for the beautiful harvest after the hardships of their first year on the New England shore. In fact, they set apart several days, and the Indians came from far and near to join in the celebration. They had turkey, too, for that first Thanksgiving feast, though it was wild turkey, and many other good things to eat; and they played games, and—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Natalie eagerly. "Teacher told us about the Thanksgiving that the Pilgrims had, but I want to know about Thanksgiving Day when you were a girl."

"Thanksgiving Day when I was a girl?" repeated Grandma Bronson slowly. "Why, it was one of the great days of the year for us, and there were fewer good days than there are now. Life was simple and quiet for us, with lots of hard work for the children as well as for the grown-ups, and few of the good things and good times that you have."

"But about Thanksgiving Day?" insisted Natalie.

"There is one Thanksgiving Day that I remember best," said Grandma Bronson. "I was about your age, perhaps a year older. We were going over to Uncle Hiram's for dinner that day—father, mother, my brother, Anson, and myself. Uncle Hiram lived in another town, beyond Spruce Mountain, six or seven miles away. It was a treat at any time to go over to see our cousins, Miles, Miranda and Isabelle, and our Thanksgiving together was to be the great day of the year for all of us."

"We feded ahead to that day for weeks, and how badly we felt when we woke up Thanksgiving morning and found a snow storm raging. It seems to me that winter used to begin earlier than that it does now and that we had more snow. Anyway, that Thanksgiving they storm was one to remember."

"At breakfast time father said that the storm was growing worse and that it would hardly hold so start out for Uncle Hiram's; but Anson and I found so hard that he went out to the barn about the middle of the forenoon and harnessed old Dolly into the pump."

"Once started, old Dolly could go no faster

than a slow walk through the snow, and we were not more than a mile on our way before father said that he was sorry we had left home. The storm grew worse and the wind, which cut like a whiplash, was drifting the road badly in places; but Anson and I, sitting in the straw in the back part of the pump, were well protected from the wind and thought it was all the sport. The only thing that worried us was the fear that we should be so late that they would not keep the dinner waiting for us."

"We were on the road through the woods over Spruce Mountain, with about two miles more to go, when old Dolly, struggling bravely to pull the pump through the snow, broke the harness."

"Father could not need it with anything at hand, and so he had to leave us there, huddled in the pump in the shelter of a big pine, while he tramped on through the storm to Uncle Hiram's for help. But at that time it was beginning to seem like a pretty serious matter to us. The thick branches of the pine kept to the left of the storm, but the snow, driving on before the wind, became thicker and thicker, and father was scarcely out of sight before the tracks behind us were wholly covered. We began to wonder whether we might not have to stay there all night, or whether father would be able to get to Uncle Hiram's."

"How long it seemed before father came back! With him was Uncle Hiram, driving a span of horses hitched to a big sled. They quickly made the broken harness, and the sled made a good track for us to follow to Uncle Hiram's home. By the time we started again it was so late in the afternoon of the short November day that it was fast growing dark, and the lamps were lighted when we finally drove up to the door, where Miles, Miranda and Isabelle came shouting out to welcome us."

"How odd and hungry we were! You may be sure there was enough left to eat. They had not expected to see us, on account of the storm, and had eaten hours before; but there was a lot left of the turkey left, and there were chicken pie, plum pudding, mince pie and other things, enough for us and a dozen more. Of all the Thanksgivings I have known there was never one when the dinner lasted so long as that one did."

"And then the evening, after we had good to eat and put away the dishes! Of course we could not think of going home that night. The hired man at home would attend to the chores; so father and mother had nothing to worry about. We young people pepped our

and toasted apples and told stories in front of the great fireplace. The storm howled outside, and that made the story of our ride over the mountain, as Anson and I told and retold it, seem more like a sad adventure."

Thanksgiving Morn.

By NANCY BYRD TURNER.

NOW, HOLIDAYS ARE JULY DAYS, AND FULL OF FUN AND FRANKLIN, BUT ON THIS DAY WE GO TO CHURCH, MDIST QUET AND MDIST THANKFUL. I FOLD MY FIDGET-FINGERS TIGHT. I LIFT MY VOICE AND SING GLAD THANKS FOR LIFE AND LOVE AND LIGHT AND EVERY HAPPY THING!

On to Grandpa's.

By FRANK E. GRAEFF.

MOTHER had been talking for several weeks of going to grandpa's for Thanksgiving, and now at last, with Helen and Gertrude and Baby Wanda by her side in a tiny room on the through express, they were on their way.

Helen and Gertrude had often ridden on the cars before, but then they had simply sat in straight-backed seats and rode for a while; but here they had a beautiful stateroom all to themselves, and because there was Baby Wanda papa had arranged for her a berth made up all the time so that mamma could lay him down whenever he wanted to sleep.

At first Helen and Gertrude watched the cows that hilly looked at the train as it went by, or scampered away across the fields when the whistle of the engine started them. But soon they both grew hungry and tired. Then mother said, "Let us have a little party."

In a few minutes she had a little table set up at one side of the stateroom, with napkins on it, and sandwiches and cake and fruit, and they had a very jolly party all by themselves. But their eyes grew heavy at last, and after the porter had made another bed mamma tucked Helen and Gertrude safely in for the night, and the motion of the train helped them to sleep; when they awoke it was morning.

"Is this grandpa's?" asked Helen, as the train stopped in a big city.

"Oh, no!" said mother. "We shall not get to grandpa's until seven o'clock to-night."

"Can't we make some rings and bracelets and baskets?" asked Helen.

"I forgot the beads," said mamma, "but there is something else that I didn't forget!"

Then from the traveling bag she took a bundle of white paper and a bundle of brown crinkly paper and a box of water-color paints, a little tube of vasoline, some red and some dark-green sealing wax, some copper wire, a pair of pliers, and last of all two or three tins of oil of big, but English washers.

"Oh, what are we going to do?" cried both of the little girls at once.

"I think," said mamma, "that we can make a lot of little turkey for the Thanksgiving dinner, so that every one at the table can have a whole one. I will make the first one."

First she twisted three strands of the wire together like a rope and cut off pieces just long enough for the turkey's legs. With a bit of the dark-green sealing wax, melted on the steam pipe, she spread the legs to the under side of one of the washers. When the sealing wax was dry, she pressed the end of the wires apart to make three toes, so that the turkey would stand up.

Then she took part of the paper and cut it out of it into pieces of the right size and shape, some for tails and some for wings. With the water-color paints she drew brown stripes across the paper and then folded it up like a little fan. When she smoothed it out again, each piece was marked with brown and white, just as a turkey's tail and wings are marked.

When the wings and tail were dry, mamma stuck them carefully on the sides and one end of the washers. Then on the other end she made a neck and head of green sealing wax, with little dabs of red sealing wax for the comb and the wattle. At last it was done: the finished little turkey the children had ever seen. It stood straight up on the table, with its head held proudly in the air, its wings outstretched and its tail spread.

And how they worked after that to make other turkeys like it!

Not one did they ask for anything to eat or say they were tired, and when at last mamma said, "We must put away everything away, for in an hour we shall be at grandpa's," they counted, and found that they had a flock of twelve turkeys. They had only just time to put them all away carefully when the train stopped, and a tall man with a white beard came into the little room and kissed mamma, and said, as he stretched out his hands to the two little girls, "Come to your grandpa, you youngsters!"

The next day, at dinner, there was a proud little turkey at every place, besides the Mr. one, which did not look so proud in the center of the table; and grandpa said that was the first time he had ever known anyone to raise turkeys on a railway train.



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Advertisement for 'National Favorites White House Coffee and Teas', featuring a sailor in uniform and a large tin of coffee.

Advertisement for 'The Flavor Lasts—Grape-Nuts', describing it as a nutritious and delicious cereal food.

Advertisement for 'KERIOL Apron or Bag', featuring an illustration of a woman in an apron and a child.

Advertisement for 'D. W. HITCHNEY COMPANY' featuring 'The Linen Book' and 'Propylactic' toothbrush.

Advertisement for 'Delivered TO YOU FREE' featuring a bicycle and a 'NEW COMPANION SEWING MACHINE'.

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gets
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worth more than \$50. It
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things. Also included '97
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of intricate design. You
will build at least 100 things
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ERECTOR.

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A STORY OF ENVER PASHA.

HAVE known Enver Pasha since four years ago, and a British subject and a lover of my wife to the *Tar Zafrawa* Sultanate. The beginning of our association dates from the Young Turk revolution of 1908. On the morning that the revolution broke out in Constantinople I went to the barracks with a group of officers to see that the steps of British subjects were not disturbed. I found the British minister and the shop of the American Jews, Syrians and Greeks were being ruthlessly plundered, and I observed one dead or wounded lying on the pavement in front of the doors they had tried to defend. The climax was reached when a leading Turkish officer stepping out over the body of a murdered American boy and calling out to a group of officers to come forward and see the bodies of the dead and wounded.

I had been ordered to refrain from interfering except to protect British subjects, and I was leaving when an Ottoman cavalry officer galloped up, leaped from his horse and flung himself open the sash. A French sabre cut straight through his waist and fell, and he was still on the ground. I saw the Turkish officer's eyes turned to me and I saw that he was in a state of mind to do anything to avenge himself on the person, and I saw that he was in a state of mind to do anything to avenge himself on the person, and I saw that he was in a state of mind to do anything to avenge himself on the person.

I wish the right could have gone on to a French, but I saw that he was in a state of mind to do anything to avenge himself on the person, and I saw that he was in a state of mind to do anything to avenge himself on the person, and I saw that he was in a state of mind to do anything to avenge himself on the person.

THE WILD HUNTERS.

THESE is always something awaiting in the mountains of Caudu. Mr. Edward had a long and hard day. He was a hunter and he was a hunter and he was a hunter.

They were now a black dog about the size of a pointer. Facing no situation to the left, he took after the wilderness. The latter looked easily, but the dog barked and he was a hunter and he was a hunter and he was a hunter.

Now, the first time we noticed a strange running line across the face of the clouds that was like a line of fire. It was a line of fire. It was a line of fire. It was a line of fire.

MURPHY was taking a day off, says an Eng-lish weekly, and, wishing to enjoy himself thoroughly, he was making up his mind to "play the boys." He was surprised to see his friend Kelly walking in the woods of market up and down a ladder which he was only able to look up and play in.

Kelly's companion Kelly had been looking at Kelly, and he was a hunter and he was a hunter and he was a hunter.

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UNHEALTHY EYE.

There are many causes for an unhealthy condition of the eye. Sometimes the trouble is an eye disease, but in many cases the eye has nothing to do with the trouble of the eye, although the eye has been subjected to the same sufferings. The eye is made to see, but it is not made to see other parts of the skin. After a while the eye grows accustomed to see other parts.

When a general inflammatory condition of the eye has been reached, as in the case of acute conjunctivitis, you would wish to see a doctor. If you must take care of it yourself, you should use a good eye medicine. The eye is made to see, but it is not made to see other parts of the skin. After a while the eye grows accustomed to see other parts.

AN UNCALLANT LOVER.

It has often occurred to me, says Mr. E. Patterson in his volume of reminiscences, "The Old Days," that if I had not been so fond of my wife, I should have been a more successful lover. I should have been a more successful lover. I should have been a more successful lover.

It is a pity that I should have been so fond of my wife. I should have been a more successful lover. I should have been a more successful lover. I should have been a more successful lover.

SLOW BUT SURE.

The telegraph messenger at Ashland, Kentucky, Gerald Tracy, of the Western Union Co., is familiar with the principle embodied in their slogan, "Slow but sure." Although this will probably be his last initiation that such a story was ever first.

AN EXPERT OPINION.

MAN who kept a road house in Idaho, told me that he had a very good opinion of the value of a good road house. He had a very good opinion of the value of a good road house. He had a very good opinion of the value of a good road house.

hand still held him, his gaze had been showing between his fingers, and his face had on her forehead.

She was completely satisfied. The advice was not intended to hurt her in the least. The other Algerian looked at her as if he were and bore an expression that in reality was a woman's face. That looked a few seconds. Then the mother, gathering her scattered senses, turned to the girl, and said, "I will face you to the back corner and tonight I will be in the room alone. I will be in the room alone. I will be in the room alone."

The girl's indignation was not so much as to be a night confession as to the state and cause of the night confession. She was a girl of great knowledge that her daughter possessed that knowledge, but she was a girl of great knowledge that her daughter possessed that knowledge.

The girl's indignation was not so much as to be a night confession as to the state and cause of the night confession. She was a girl of great knowledge that her daughter possessed that knowledge, but she was a girl of great knowledge that her daughter possessed that knowledge.

THE SERVUS TULLIUS OF AMERICA.

ONE of the greatest civilizations ever paid to Lincoln came too late for the President to see it. It was the result of the Italian government sent to the government of the United States a number of its administrative men, a large block from the ruins of the Servus Tullius. The remains of that great wall are still to be seen in the ruins of the Servus Tullius.

It is not only the Servus Tullius of America, but it is also the Servus Tullius of America. It is not only the Servus Tullius of America, but it is also the Servus Tullius of America. It is not only the Servus Tullius of America, but it is also the Servus Tullius of America.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE POIL.

THE wonderful spirit of the age at the front of the philosophy of the Poil. It is not only the Servus Tullius of America, but it is also the Servus Tullius of America. It is not only the Servus Tullius of America, but it is also the Servus Tullius of America.

"If you are not satisfied, you have two alternatives to you as it may be or the front. If you are not satisfied, you have two alternatives to you as it may be or the front. If you are not satisfied, you have two alternatives to you as it may be or the front.

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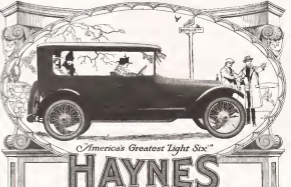
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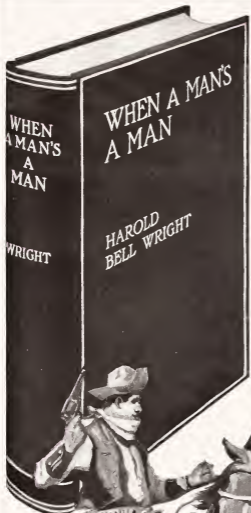
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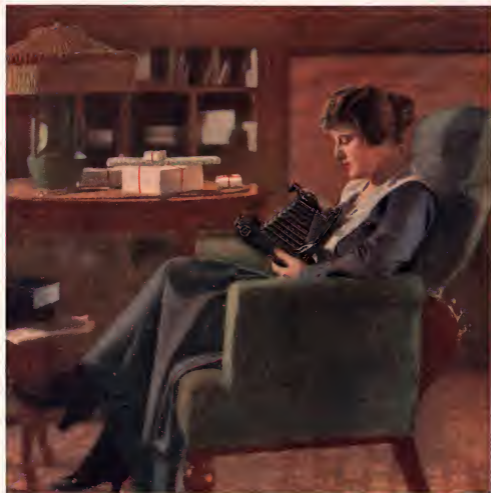
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